THE

TWO SOSIAS.

WHether the Graver did by this intend
Oliver's Shape with *William*'s Head to mend;
Or grace K. *William*'s Head with *Cromwel*'s Body,
If I can gueſs the Meaning, I'm a Noddy:
Howe'er I pity *Cromwel*; Thirty Year
And more are paſt ſince he did diſappear:
Now, after all this Time, 'tis hard to be
Thus Executed in Effigie.
This is a Puniſhment he never dreaded:
What did his Highneſs, thus to be Beheaded?
Perhaps the Artiſt thinks to get a Name,
By ſhewing us how Two may be the ſame:
If ſo, he's gain'd his Point; for he's a Witch,
That ſuddenly can tell one which is which.

As theſe two noble Heroes t'other Day
Together hung, both as they ought and may,
The ſtaring Crowd were all confounded—— See,
Says one, there's the two Czars of *Muſcovy*:
No, ſays another, that can never be;
It's not their Country Habit, here's no Fur;
'Tis the two Kings of *Brentford*, never ſtir!
Hold, ſays a Cobler, you miſtake the Pictures,
'Tis *Oliver* and *Richard*, the Protectors;
I know them by their wrinkled Boots; 'twas then
The only Faſhion with the Trooping Men.
Jack-Boots were then not worn; and, to my thinking,
The only uſe of Jacks was then for drinking:
Many a Pull, and many a Pleaſant Tug
I've had with the Black Jack and Double Mug.

Jack-Boots were then not worn; and, to my thinking,
The only uſe of Jacks was then for drinking:
Many a Pull, and many a Pleaſant Tug
I've had with the Black Jack and Double Mug.
Well, I may ſay, my Maſters, no Diſpraiſe
To any, *Oliver*'s were bleſſed Days.
Th' Exciſe was ſmall, the Meaſure large; they'd draw
A Full-Pot for Five Farthings, Cobler's Law:
But now I hear, to my eternal Trouble,
That all our Drink (God bleſs us) muſt pay double:
What ſhall a poor Man do, if they invade
Our Drinking, thus to carry on his Trade.

You all ſhoot wide, my Maſters, ſays another,
He in the Wig is neither Son nor Brother,
But a late Conqueror of different Fame.
Sirs, put off all your Hats, and hear his Name!
'Tis good King *William*! See *Rome* trampled down,
See his Victorious Sword thruſt thro' the Crown,
See his triumphant Foot on Papiſts Necks,
See *Salus Populi*, *Suprema Lex*,
See *Magna Charta*—— Can all this agree
With any one but *Oliver* and He?
Then grieve no more at Taxes and Exciſe;
Such little Thoughts true Proteſtants deſpiſe.
What tho' they come at Times when Money's ſcanty,
Whilſt our Religion's Safe, it's all not *Tanti*:
Let no free Quarter grieve you, or diſturb you;
Nor think that *Dutch* or *Dane* came here to Curb you.
What! tho' they Spoil your Goods, and Pox your Wives,
So long as all your Throats 'ſcape *Popiſh* Knives.
Pound-Rates or Polls are nothing great or ſmall,
DELIVERANCE, DELIVERANCE is all.
Whilſt you are Proteſtants who can oppreſs you?
Go home, my Friends, and ſo King *William* Bleſs you.
The Devil Mob had here no ~~room~~ more to ſay,
But charm'd at *William*'s Name went all away.